

## **Its Dark Down Here by LickTheRock**

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**Summary:** When Eleven escaped, someone else was broken free too. Someone much better at fighting the demogorgon, but a burning anger. Benny Hammond ran a nice little diner in peaceful Hawkins, but the arrival of two children throws his life into disarray. But he knows he wouldn't have it any other way. A darker tale, ripe for tragedy and fighting. Comment your thoughts! My first Fanfic!

## **1. Chapter 1 : The Prelude to Madness**

Eleven could hear loud alarms blaring behind her as she sprinted. She was finally free, escaped from the lab with their tests, prodding, and pain. Eleven threw herself at a fence, grasping at the metal wire, and tried climbing it, until she cut her hands on the barbed wire topping the fence. Wincing, she dropped back to the ground, looking at the cuts on her palms and hissed in pain. She looked back at the building, where she had spent all of her life. Something, the thing from the Black, was rampaging through the lower levels, and it was the only reason she was out. It had smashed through the walls by the bath, causing enough distraction for her to be able to slip away, crawling through vents until reaching the surface.

Now all Eleven needed was a way out. Spinning around, she looked across the grounds, only seeing fences with the same wire that hurt her. While she looked, searching for some opening, she saw the doors to the lab burst open as a wave of scientists rushed out. Gunfire could be heard, muffled from the inside of the building, probably at the Monster. In the large windows showing the inside of the lobby of the lab, Eleven watched as a large jet of liquid fire sprayed along the walls, sticking to the concrete as if it was wood.

The fire quickly spread and covered the door like a web, trapping everyone inside of it.

Gasping at the sudden change of color and light, Eleven stood in awe, frozen by the sight. She barely saw a scientist rushing at her, having spotted her, but with a jerk of her head, the man fell flat with a sharp snap of bone. Eleven quietly made her way to behind some vehicles, interested in the fire and what was happening. She didn't think the monster had control of fire, but she knew nothing about it.

The fire quickly spread across the inside of the building, consuming everything it could grab. Eleven watched, emotionless, as two men with guns slammed their bodies against the large windows, watched as they fired their guns, unsuccessfully trying to break the reinforced glass. The fire quickly spread to them, and even from her hiding spot she could hear the soldiers screams as the fire covered their bodies, tendrils quickly running up their legs and covering their chests,

pulling them down onto their chests and dragging them into the larger flames. Their screaming quickly stopped as they were reduced to blackened skeletons within minutes.

Eleven was sure this was not a normal fire. Papa had her ran through multiple tests, trying to see if she could affect fire, though all she could do to it was blow at it with her mouth. But Papa had told her a small bit about fire, how it wouldn't do anything, that she was safe from the scorching heat of red and orange. Papa never said anything like this.

Through windows, Eleven could see that the upper floors were not faring much better. Smoke was choking the scientists out, and fire quickly spread up there as well, burning with hunger, charging down halls and consuming anyone or anything it ran into. From the very top floors, smoke billowed out in large columns from windows, a grey against the stars in the clear night.

Then, exploding from the front doors, was the Monster. Steam rose off its body, and it was screeching in pain from the fire it was surrounded by, some of which stuck to its torso from the door. The fire tendrils attempted to catch the Monster, crawling out of the broken door, but it leapt onto the grassy field and ran far, bulldozing through the fence, and into the forest. Eleven still waited, even though she wanted to follow the Monster in running far far away, she needed to know what happened to the lab, to her home as Papa called it.

And there it was. Or rather, there they were. It was Another. Walking slowly from the labs front doors, the fire seemingly uncaring about them, was a person, crouched over, almost scared of the open world, colored bright orange from the huge raging fire behind them and coloring their white gown. Their black hair just as short as Eleven's, and wearing the same gown with a flower design. Eleven sharply breathed in, thinking over what this could mean. Were they like her? They must be, why else would Papa have them here. What number were they?

Deciding quickly, Eleven ran to them, until she stood maybe ten feet from them, and the two stared at each other for only a second, but it felt like minutes, as the two realized they weren't the only ones with

powers. Eleven and the Other turned to look back into the lab as more screaming rang out. The Other slowly looked at Eleven, and her attention was quickly drawn to the large amounts of blood streaming down from the nose and ears of this new child. Swaying side to side, the Other just stared at Eleven, panting and unspeaking, until they blinked out like a light, falling forward from exhaustion. Rushing forward to catch the Other, Eleven watched inside the building, as the fire-y tendrils that looked like writhing snakes melted, collapsing into liquid fire which covered the floor and walls.

Eleven turned away, having better things to focus on.

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Only an hour later, Eleven set Other, as she had taken to calling him, down against a tree. Still unconscious, Eleven gently grabbed their arm, looking for a number. And, as expected, standing out against the extremely white skin, were the black inked numbers *0 1 3*. Thirteen. That was their name. Eleven took a second to look at them for the first time since the two stared at each other outside the lab.

They were a boy, Eleven decided. He, while it was possibly a she, had a soft face, his jaw curved nicely with the only defined lines being his cheekbones. His cheeks weren't fat though, they were as tightly pulled over his face like hers were whenever she saw her reflection. Sighing, Eleven sat next to Thirteen, leaning her head on his shoulder. Hopefully it wouldn't be too cold.

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Will Byers, resident weirdo of Hawkins Middle School, was no stranger to riding alone at night. He and his friends, the geek squad as the idiots of Hawkins called them, had just finished one of the best sessions of Dungeons and Dragons they had had in awhile. Will the Wise had rolled a nat 20 at the best time possible, sending the Demogorgon back to whatever plane of existence it came from.

Turning onto Mirkwood, his favorite road to bike along thanks to how peaceful it usually was, Will was immediately put on edge by smoke climbing into the sky, blocking out star light, like fingers reaching for the heavens. That couldn't be good. Discarding his bike on the side of the pavement, Will rushed to the fence that was always along the edge of the road, the cold metal, chilled by the November

night air, burning against his palms, trying to take every last bit of heat he had in his hands. He tried to look past the trees, ignoring his complaining hands, but could only faintly make out a light orange glow from further away.

Heart and mind racing, Will ran through his options. He could leave, there was nothing he could do with no way to contact police and him being a smaller than average child. But still, he was Will the Wise, he *had* to do something, anything at all.

He looked back at his bike, frowning as he continued to think. He pressed himself back against the fence, straining to see anything more.

Wait. What? Will quickly spun around again, looking into the woods behind him, to the other side of the street. He could have sworn he heard someone running across the road. As he stared out into the forest, Will suddenly straightened his back and felt a wave of cold run down his body from his head, all the way down to his toes. Something was wrong. Horribly wrong. The hair on his arms, and the back of his neck, stood up on end as he slowly turned his head back and forth, looking into the darkness.

After a long, a tortuously long minute, Will accepted that it was just his nerves. He slowly stepped forward, headed back towards his bike. Reaching down to grab the handles, a sharp snap of a branch was clearly heard directly behind him. Frozen, crouched over, Will couldn't move as his heart panicked, and Will slowly turned to look behind him, praying to every god he could think of.

Will Byers did not return home that night.

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Sheriff of a town in the middle of nowhere, Hopper was very rarely on time, so when he was quickly moving through the entrance an hour *early*, Flo knew that something was not right. Not bothering for pleasantries, Hopper rushed behind the welcoming area.

"Alright boys," Hopper began, "Hawkins National Lab caught fire last night. Get as many people as possible over there, this takes priority over everything." Fixing his hat to his head, Hopper gave one look to

his motionless colleges. "Go!"

With that, the station was alive with motion.

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Mike Wheeler hurriedly put his bike into place at the school, already seeing Dustin's and Lucas' bikes, though curiously not Will's bike.

Quickly running inside, Mike checked his watch and cursed as he realized he was even later than he thought he would be. He tried to quietly enter Mr. Clarke's room, though of course that didn't work. The lesson immediately stopped. All eyes on him, he managed to stutter out one pitiful "S-sorry Mr. Clarke," before sitting down with blazing cheeks beside his friends.

Reaching down to pull out his book, he jumped when Dustin whispered almost directly next to him, "What held you up man?"

Casting his eyes at the tile floor, Mike quietly responded, "Susan." Blushing heavily as his friends snickered amongst themselves at his expense. Susan Harrington, freshman at Hawkins High, had been Mikes crush since he had laid eyes on her. He knew he was just a nerd, and the nerds never got the girl, but that didnt mean when he saw the opportunity to talk with her that he wouldn't. The two were semi-friends, even through the age gap.

"Wow, you must really love the girl, almost missing class just walking her to school. When is the wedding?" Lucas teasingly mocked, enjoying his friends suffering. In third grade, only a few weeks after the start of school, Mike had come running up to them with the wild news about, as he said in his excited speech, the most beautiful girl to ever exist. He had seen her as they were leaving school, her in sixth grade, and he immediately began looking for ways to talk to her.

"Shut up," Mike whispered with a glare, and a blush, and ignored the other two boys for the rest of class.

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Eleven woke quietly, almost peacefully, to the sun rising. She almost thought last night was a dream, but when she felt the still sleeping body of Thirteen leaned up against her, she knew it wasn't. Maybe it

was time to try and wake him up. Gently shaking his shoulder, Eleven was rewarded by sleepy eyes slowly opening to stare at her. Feeling a smile lightly tug at her lips, Eleven continued prodding Thirteen until he was fully awake. Resting his head against the bark of the tree, Thirteen stared at Eleven, though no emotion could be told from his eyes or face. Gently, after a moment, he reached out and touched her arm, causing her to pull back momentarily, before offering her arm to him.

Thirteen inspected Eleven's arm, until his eyes fell upon the clean *O 1 1* written along her wrist. Once again his blue eyes inspected her brown, before his light voice found itself.

"Sister."

Papa did not teach her a lot, but he did teach her that. Eleven's faint smile grew just a little more noticeable, as she nodded.

"Brother."

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The two children walked in silence for most of the morning, the girl supporting the weak boy, though they managed to clean the dried blood off his face. After a while, the two sat down for rest, and breathed in the crisp and cold morning air.

Looking at Eleven, Thirteen cocked his head. She was like him, right? She had.. Powers. That's what Papa said he had. Amazing, world changing powers. Was Eleven the same? Slowly, Thirteen focused some of his returned energy through his hand, working on creating his favorite thing.

Eleven watched curiously as the boy in front of her stared intensely at his hand. As blood slowly began dripping out of his nostril, she quickly understood what was happening and paid close attention. She knew his powers were not like hers, but they were still powers.

Slowly, after a minute of concentrating, a thin tendril of fire burned into existence in Thirteen's palm, and began wrapping itself around his hand. The fire was cold almost, gently caressing the back of his hand, and had the image of a snake Thirteen had once seen in a

picture book that was given as a reward. Carefully reaching out, Eleven tried to touch it, but was met with incredible heat and almost burn her fingers. With a frown, Thirteen focused and Told the fire not to hurt Eleven. He slowly took her hand with his free hand, moving it closer to the snake-like flame once again. It slowly wound down from the hand of its creator, and slowly slid over her smooth skin, this time only giving a dull warmth to her hand.

From Thirteen's palm, the fire snake stopped growing, only having gotten to a little over a foot long and an inch wide, though Eleven and Thirteen held their hands side by side, palms up, as the fire weaved in between their fingers and across their skin. Giggling, Thirteen wiped the blood from his nose while he watched Eleven move and stroke the flame, while Eleven marveled at the sight of it. She wished her powers could make something so beautiful, as she watched the 'head' of the fire snake lift and coil up in her palm. Holding her hand up so her eyes were level with the dull orange creature, Eleven smiled widely and looked back at Thirteen.

Thirteen, while slowly becoming less and less focused, was trying his best to keep the snake alive for as long as he could. But he knew if he stopped focusing without containing the fire, it would end very badly. Gently and reluctantly, and much to Eleven's dismay, he took the snake into his hand, feeling as it slowly returned to him, disappearing until the next time Thirteen needed him.

Eleven, while she was saddened by the loss of her new favorite animal, knew it was wearing Thirteen down. So, she decided to return the favor. Turning around to look at the forest, she decided her target. Reaching out with her hands, and her mind, she slowly focused on her breathing, calming herself as she lifted dozens of small stones around the two, holding them in the air a good four feet off the ground. Thirteen watched in amazement, and the many stones slowly moved over to the two sitting children. The stones piled themselves onto one large mound, and Eleven turned with a large grin on her face, and blood leaking from one nostril.

Eleven never wanted her powers, it was what made Papa want her in the lab. But when she could see how Thirteen admired her powers, she knew it was worth it. No one looked at it like that, the scientists only observed with furrowed eyebrows and intense eyes when she

used her powers in their tests. Happiness swelled in her chest, being able to make him amazed like he could with his powers. She had someone she was equal to.

Though that brought a question to the forefront of her mind. Letting the stones go, she wiped her nose and turned to Thirteen, who was still watching the pile of rocks. Shortly realizing he was being looked at, Thirteen looked up and Eleven, eyebrow raised.

Taking a moment to find her voice, Eleven slowly spoke in her limited vocabulary. "Are.. are there more?" At his still questioning look, Eleven racked her brain to find the words she wanted. "More, more like us." Gesturing to the rocks, and then running her finger down from her nostril imitating blood.

With a raise of his eyebrows, Thirteen slowly nodded as he understood what she meant. "Doctors, they say thirteen is a large number. Taught me numbers, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. You are Eleven, I am Thirteen." he slowly shifts through his memories. "I never seen other Numbers, but there are more, I think."

Eleven absorbed this knowledge, nodding. It made sense. "We will find them, the Others." Her mind was made up, but she didn't want to leave Thirteen. The Numbers must stick together. Thankfully, Thirteen nodded with her, he wanted to find everyone he could. Then, they would destroy all the scientists. Much like his power, the need revenge raged through Thirteen's small body, the need to destroy anything and everything in their way.

With no more words, the pair continued their trek through the woods.

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Dr. Brenner quickly walked out to meet with the chief of the small town nearby, hoping to intercept him before he got too close to the burnt lab. The horrible affair of the fire, not to mention the events that took place below the lab, had thrown many plans into disarray. With the escape of two of his favorite subjects, not to mention the three somewhere in the country, Brenner didn't have the greatest track record of secret experiments. The police getting involved would

only make matters even worse.

Jim Hopper walked up to the tall and white haired man, that he knew was head of this lab. Sparing a glance to the lab in question, Hopper had no honest explanation as to what could have happened. Concrete was scorched, almost every hallway and room were blackened, and the towns firefighters on scene were equally confused, though it looked like state issued firefighters were taking lead here. Probably due to it being a state ran lab.

"Electrical fire." Were the first words Hop heard out of Brenners mouth.

"What?" Taking off his hat to scratch his balding head, Hopper squinted at the intimidating figure.

"Electrical fire is what happened," Brenner looked at Hopper like he was an idiot. "Some testing on the ground floor caused an explosion, which caused the fire to act like it did."

Frowning, Hopper inspected Brenner, not quite believing his story. But he couldn't say otherwise, he never was one to learn anything about electricity or whatever. "Maybe. Maybe." Putting his hat back into place, Hopper looked at the building once more. For some reason, there were thick, winding sections that were charred worse than the other parts. Almost looks like vines or something.

Shaking his head at himself, Hopper finally decided Brenner's story made some sense. Maybe the firefighters would say otherwise, but he had no reason to believe Brenner was lying. Still... He took another look at the vine like burns.

Brenner followed Hoppers gaze. Thirteen had shown amazing power with the incredibly strong flame vines. "That's where wires were, best I can guess. Destroyed the stone something fierce, going to be spending a while replacing this place."

Hopper nodded, and silently walked towards the grouping of people to see if anything else could be told.

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Nancy gasped quietly as Steve pushed the two of them into the bathroom. Biting her lip, she only had to wait a moment before Steve returned to kissing her brains out. Her arms wrapped around his neck, the two playfully moved around the bathroom in eachothers arms, Steve making it look like dancing. At the sound of the first bell, Nancy paid no mind and continued trying her best to meld their faces together. Steve however, looked over his shoulder at the door and quietly cursed.

Regretfully stopping Nancy's attempts to continue kissing, Steve kissed her forehead. "Time to go love, bell's just rung. Gotta get to class."

"Nooo...." Nancy whined, looking up and giving Steve her best pouty lip. "Just when I was starting to enjoy myself."

With a light laugh, Steve ran his thumb over her bottom lip. "Unless I'm very mistaken, you were enjoying every second of this. How about, after school, we meet up and continue this little session of ours?" Grinning as Nancy immediately perked up at the promise of more making out, Steve grabbed his backpack.

"Only if we can get some studying done, I need to be prepared for tomorrow's test." Nancy, while she may enjoy having one of Hawkins best kissers as her boyfriend, would never completely ignore school. Though she wouldn't mind missing a few minutes.

Wiggling his eyebrows at her, Steve blew a kiss to his oh-so-wonderful girlfriend as he left without a word in response.

Scowling, Nancy couldn't deny the smile threatening to overtake her face. Steve was a wonder.

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Will didnt know how long he had been running, but he started when he got here and hasn't stopped. Not that he knew where *here* is. It was... so cold. He thought he was on Mirkwood, but things were different. Mirkwood definitely didn't have vines covering the pavement. Somehow, thankfully, his bike was still here, which was how he had gotten away so quickly. Will was almost certain he had lost the Monster.

Turning a corner on his bike, Will felt his front tire connect with something and he was sent flying forward over his bikes handles. He skid across the pavement, and rolled over a vine or two. Groaning, Will quickly sat up and looked behind him towards his bike. With a gasp and a strangled cry, Will scrambled backwards on his hands and feet, backing up until he connected with a rather large vine. Laying in the middle of the road, with vines running over it, was a quickly decaying human body, with a white jacket and short blond hair.

Controlling his urge to puke, Will shakily stood up, and slowly convinced himself to walk forward. As he slowly got closer, Will quickly snatched up his bike. The body, now that Will was closer, was dressed in a bloodstained lab coat. What was a scientist doing here? What was Will doing here? Looking away from the corpse, Will shuddered and emptied his stomach onto the pavement. Weakly, he got back onto his bike and carefully road over all the vines in the road. Hopefully he would find someone. Anyone. Anything, anything just so he could leave this place.

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Benny Hammond was a kind soul. Everyone who met him would say that. He was frying up a burger for one of his many friends that ate at his shop, though there was only two at the time. He watched with a smile as the two talked, Ed no doubt telling some fantastically incorrect hunting story. Those stories always ended with him being the one scoring a perfect shot through the eye on whatever he was hunting, then dragging the kill, no matter the size, right back to his truck with no help.

Scoffing, Benny turned his attention to the fries he had cooking up, taking in the delicious smell of salt and potatoes. Then, just faintly, bells ringing could be heard. With a frown, Benny reached slowly for his knife drawer. That sounds too much like the bells he had attached to his back door. No one should be entering through that door. Watching the doorway that lead into the hallway to the outside, Benny crouched slightly and slowly walked forward, prepared for a fight.

When a small shaved head poked around the corner cautiously, however, Benny could only freeze in shock. The two made brief eye contact, blue eyes met blue. Fear, worry, then hundreds of emotions

flashed through the small child's eyes in a short moment. Then, only adding to the trouble, a second, even smaller but similarly shaven haired child walk around the corner, only to freeze with the other two as everyone assessed the situation.

Benny looked between the two children, and thought about the two people in the front of the shop. Then, he watched as the first child's eyes flickered to the other child, then to the knife Benny was holding in his left hand.

Slowly, with no sudden movements, Benny gently set the knife on the steel counter. Not breaking his staring match with the two children, he softly called out to the two hunters.

"Uhh.. hey boys? Emergency, sorry, you've gotta clear out." Thankfully, Ed and his companion didn't question it and thanked Benny for his food and left payment, before leaving, still talking.

Unblinking, the two kids in front of him still stared at him. Wincing, Benny gently called out, "Hey kids, what are you two boys doing here? Need some food?" Benny finally noticed the odd dress they were both in, almost like a hospital gown. What happened to them?

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So, the brown eyed one was actually a girl. That was the first thing Benny learned. The second was that Blue, as he didn't give a name, Benny was calling them by their eye color, did *not* like him at all. Since the two had sat down, Benny could feel the glare of Blue even as he cooked up another burger.

Taking out two burgers and some fries, Benny sat down in front of the two kids, who sat side by side, facing him. He let the two dig in, and inspected them. Blue was slightly larger than Brown, and had a soft jaw but sharp cheekbones. He was also skinnier than Brown, but they were both equally pale. Unhealthily pale. Had these kids ever even seen the sun?

"So... did you two run away from your parents?" Brown didn't even look up at him, still eating, but Blue looked up from his Burger. For a few seconds, the two stared each other down, before Blue sighed quietly and nodded, barely, but he still nodded.

"Papa.. Papa not nice." Blue shivered as he spoke, remembering everything Papa had put him through. Brown shuddered and pressed herself against Blue at the word Papa, and stopped eating.

Eleven didn't know what to do. Thirteen was more talk-y than her, and he knew more words. But she knew what Papa meant. She slowly brought a fry up to her mouth, hoping to gain appetite again. It helped her focus on something other than the talking.

Benny frowned, thinking about the two kids. Obviously they were mistreated, and they both had negative reactions to the this Papa. "Did... did your dad hit you? You are so pale, have you ever seen the sun?" Benny stopped for a second and it clicked in his head. They might not have. Leaning back in his chair, Benny processed this. "Shit. Do you two even have names? I don't want to just call you Blue and Brown in my forever."

The two shared a look, and Blue stared at Benny with a look in his eyes. "Trust?" It was something Papa had said, that Thirteen needed to trust the doctors. Thirteen didn't know what it meant, but it was supposed to be good, even if the doctors weren't.

Nodding slowly, Benny smiled faintly. "Yeah kid. You two can trust me. If you don't want, I won't tell anyone anything." And he meant it. If he had to, he was willing to care for these two until they were ready to leave. He leaned forward, putting his arms on the table.

Nodding back slightly, Thirteen shared another look with Eleven. When she nodded, after a moment of silent conversation, Thirteen bared his forearm on the table for this nice man so see. A moment later, Eleven did the same.

Eyes widening slightly, Benny stared at the marks on each of these kids wrists. They were numbered? Shit. Rubbing his face with his hand, Benny motioned for them to keep eating while he thought.

Finally, after a minute, Benny looked back at the two children sitting in front of him. Brown had finished her meal, and Benny watched as Blue split his remaining burger in half and gave her the larger piece, which she hungrily ate. His heart melting at the sight, Benny sighed. "So, those numbers... thats your guy's names? Thirteen, and Eleven?

No other names?" At Blu- no, Thirteen's nod, Benny groaned. "Shit. Well, kids, my name is Benny." Waving his arms around the small building, he said, "You are in my shop."

The two just stared at him. Putting his arms back down, Benny closed his eyes in frustration. After counting to ten, Benny opened his eyes again. Noticing they had finished their meals, Benny felt a smile begin to appear. "Have you two ever had ice cream?" At the expected confused looks, Benny motioned for them to follow him, which they did after a moment. "Hope you like strawberry, that's all I have right now. How about you two eat, while I get you two some proper clothes, those gowns don't suit you."

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The lunch bell to Hawkins Middle rang loudly, and the three nerds of the school gathered right outside the entrance of the A.V. club door, noticeably missing a fourth. Frowning, Dustin spoke up. "This is weird. Any clue where he could be?" Both Mike and Lucas shrugged, only mildly concerned. This wouldn't be the first time Will had been sick, so they didn't know why Dustin was worrying more than usual. They both just wanted to play with the radio. They had been waiting since school started!

Karen Wheeler rarely had time to relax, but today was one of those times. Ted was downstairs, watching after Holly and the two olders were at school. Finally, she could read the one book she had been waiting a week to finish. Feeling the soap bubbles covering her body, Karen slowly progressed through the... *sensual...* book. Unfortunately, it couldn't last forever. Almost dropping her book into the bath at the loud ring of the phone from downstairs, she sighed and waited a minute. Hoping Ted would get it, Karen just turned up the soft music in the bathroom.

Downstairs, Ted just sighed and slowly walked to the phone. Lifting it to his ear, he flatly voiced his annoyance. "Who is this? I have kids I need to be looking after." Looking back in the front room at Holly, she was thankfully taking care of herself.

"Oh Ted! Sorry, its Joyce-" The rapidly speaking woman didn't hear the sigh of annoyance from the father on the other end, "Did Will spend the night at your house last night?"

Ted had to think for a moment, he didn't pay much attention to the activities of his second youngest child. He frowned and responded, "No, I remember him saying goodbye last night, along with Dustin and Lucas." He might not be the brightest man in Hawkins, but he could connect some dots. "Did he not come home?" Understanding dawned on Ted.

Joyce's panic filled voice rose in pitch over the phone. "Oh god, do you have any idea where he could be?"

"No, unless he is at someone else's house." Ted thought for a second. "Call Hopper, he can get people searching. Don't worry too much, we'll find him Joyce."

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Eleven loved the ice cream, but Thirteen didn't appreciate the cold of it, and only ate in small amounts, though he liked the flavor. They both now sported matching shirts, with large letters across them. Not that either of them could read.

Benny watched with amusement as the two interacted. Eleven, who still hasn't spoken more than a few words, was trying to get some ice cream on Thirteen, who was pushing away her hand. They were finally acting like kids, which warmed his heart. He turned away from watching them, and moved down a couple of yards to check on his fryer, noticing in his haste to cook for the kids he had left the heat on.

Looking over his shoulder, Benny enjoyed the smiles the two kids were wearing. He had gotten very little out of either of them, but from what Thirteen had said, their Papa would be looking for them. Eleven was a lot less vocal than Thirteen, almost entirely letting the boy speak for the two of them. The trust between them was incredible, and their relationship was adorable. Hopefully Benny could get them to trust him as much as they trusted each other.

Humming a tune as he cleaned up, and looked out the window to the front of the shop. It was going to rain soon, storm clouds were getting close to the town. Benny frowned and looked back at the children. Eleven had given up trying to get ice cream on Thirteen, and now the two were just smiling and sitting with each other. They were very

lucky to have found him, Benny didn't want to think about those two poor souls out in the rain and dark.

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Mike, Dustin, and Lucas all road to the Wheeler's house after school, and were immediately accosted by Karen.

"Would any of you have any idea where Will is? Joyce doesn't know, and she called the house looking for him." The matriarch of the family shifted her gaze over the three children, worry flickering over their faces.

Mike was the first to speak up. "Will didn't go home? Dustin, when did the two of you break up?"

Dustin frowned and only had to think for a moment. "Just on Mirkwood, like usual. Dude beat me though." The frown mixed with a pout. "I owe him one of my comic books, the lucky bast—" Mike elbowed his ribs as Karen began to glare, "Jerk. Lucky jerk is totally what I was going to say."

Mike clapped his hands gently. "I can't think of any hidden spot, except Castle Byers." He paused and thought for a second. "If you hear from him, please tell us? We didn't even know he was missing." Receiving a nod from his mother, he ushered his friends downstairs to their den.

Karen waited a moment, and raised her voice to carry to them. "No going outside after dark! Not until we find Will."

Cursing under his breath, Mike shouted back, "Alright mom! We got it!" He closed the door with a slam.

The three pre-teens all looked at eachother. Lucas was the first to speak, looking up the staircase, "We are totally going out tonight."

"Oh yeah," Mike and Dustin responded in unison. Dustin stared at Mike oddly while Mike continued talking. "You two got jackets?"

The three geared up, they were going out. Members of the party don't get left behind.

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Eleven had finally spoken to Benny directly, instead of just with Thirteen. It was, of all things, about colors. She knew none of the names, but recognized a few colors. Benny told her of the rainbow, how all the colors mixed and what colors were made by which other colors. Benny, in high school, had taken many art classes, and would have gone to collage for an art major, if his mother hadn't had her stroke when she had.

Thirteen tried to act like he wasn't interested in the talk, but he was just as uneducated as Eleven in the way of colors. Even as the sun set over the forest, and rain battered the windows, the two small children listened as Benny explained all the different shades of purple, which was Eleven's favorite color so far, from when Benny had pulled out one of the kids menus with crayons that he kept in the shop. While Benny talked with Eleven, Thirteen was burning through coloring sheets, trying his best to stay in the lines with the colors.

"Shit." Thirteen didn't know what it meant, but Benny had said it a few times, and he figured he understood the context needed. "Dumb crayons, dumb paper." He knew what 'dumb' meant. The people at the lab usually called him it when he didn't do a test right.

Benny looked up from the drawing he was helping Eleven with. Thirteen balled the paper up and threw it in the trash. "Buddy, paper goes in recycling, not trash. It goes in the blue bin." Thirteen only sighed in frustration and stood up to put the paper ball in the right spot. Benny smiled and looked back down, but looked up at a soft "Benny?" from Thirteen, who was staring at the front of the store, frozen.

Cautiously, Benny stood, but motioned for Eleven to stay sitting down. Of course, she didn't, and the two crouch walked to Thirteen, who was crouched looking over a counter. As soon as Benny could see the front door, he cursed quietly, but descriptively. Hopefully Thirteen wouldn't pick up any of the words he just said.

Outside the door, walking up the path to the front door, was what looked like a repair man. Portly and mustached, the man rapped his knuckles against the glass.

Motioning for the two worried children to stay down and out of sight,

Benny slowly got up and made his way to the door. Cautiously opening the door slightly, Benny looked the man up and down. "I didn't call for any maintenance to be done. What's your business here sir?"

The man, whose name tag said only 'Jerry,' only nodded before speaking in a polite tone. "My company believes that this facility is place to a pipe leakage, with the cold bursting an underground pipe. Could I take a look around?" Benny started to shake his head, not needing anyone poking around, before noticing the man wasn't looking directly at him. Something behind him was being looked at.

Spinning his head around, Benny only just caught the flash of a shaved head disappear around a wall. "Ah shit." was all Benny said. Damn kids.

'Jerry,' or whatever the man's name was, quickly reached inside his jacket, but didn't get the chance to pull what Benny was sure was a gun. Benny didn't know how he knew, but he knew this man was bad news. Leaning his head back, Benny brought his head forward against the shorter man's skull, leaving both of them stunned and with a headache in the near future. Benny blinked for a moment, before remembering what he was doing and roughly shoved the man backwards out onto his ass, and locked the glass door. Turning, he sprinted forward to the kitchen, needing to ensure the kids would be safe.

Benny heard a gunshot, and the shattering of glass, but didn't feel any bullets connect with him as he vaulted over the counter, and rolled to his feet. "Run! Out the back!" Grabbing an arm of a different child in each hand, Benny sprinted to the escape.

As the three turned the corner, they were met by the door to their freedom being kicked down, wood splinters flying everywhere. Two men in suits stood, guns pointed down as they recovered from breaking the door. Almost in slow motion, Benny watched as each of them slowly pulled their guns up, but before they could take aim, the burger flipper from plain old Hawkins rushed forward, slamming his wide body into the two agents. The three crashed to the ground, with Benny pushing himself onto his knees and cracked his fist into the face of the closest immobilized suited man, feeling something

beneath his knuckles break, as soon as he gained his bearings.

He didn't know why men in suits were here, all he knew was that they would take the kids away, maybe back to their Papa, and they would have to kill him to do that. Seeing the second man start to sit up, Benny again slammed his fist into the side of the man's head.

A sharp, sickening snap from behind him made Benny look over his shoulder at the two kids. Looking down at the floor, Benny was created by the sight of the man who was at the front door lying on the ground, gun in hand, and his neck bent unnaturally. Looking at the two unmoved children, questions swirled in Benny's head as he watched Eleven wipe blood that was leaking from her nose. What the hell?

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Steve was rather passionately kissing his girlfriend, in his car out by a river that ran through the woods a little ways outside of Hawkins. The two had met up right after school, and had spent the entire afternoon together. Once the mandatory flash card quiz testing was through, Nancy was quick to begin the part she had been waiting for. Yeah, she felt guilty about not going home and telling her mom where she was, she knew it was worth it. Besides, her mom wouldn't take it too badly. Right?

---

While his mom was on edge about Will, Mike and company were still able to sneak away after dark. Riding down to Mirkwood, rain began pouring, making the three extremely grateful for their jackets.

"Umm.. guys? Did you hear that?" Dustin speaking up a while later stopped the trio, almost onto Mirkwood.

Mike and Lucas looked around into the trees, questioningly. "Hear what? Did you hear an animal?"

"No, no. It sounded like a gunshot almost, but muffled." The two boys looked at Dustin.

"Are you sure it wasn't thunder? It wouldn't surprise me if it started thundering right now." Lucas voiced his doubts. Why would a gun be

going off? They weren't near the usual hunting grounds, they were too close to the town.

"Thunder," Dustin said in a mocking voice, "Did you see any lightning recently? It's usually lightning, then thunder, unless you know something about weather I don't."

"I didn't hear anything," Mike spoke up. "Let's just focus, we are almost to Mirkwood, let's find Will like we planned."

The three continued, with Dustin complaining under his breath about his friends going deaf.

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Benny grabbed the two again, and after knocking the two agents unconscious, pushed through the forest. Benny looked up into the sky as they ran. The rain should wash away any tracks they would leave, but they could never be too safe. Doubling back, he did his best to make their path as confusing as possible, with false ends and loops. Finally, Benny put some faith in his plan and they all stopped to rest. Bending over and putting his hands on his knees, Benny panted and looked at Thirteen and Eleven. The brush hadn't been kind, and they both had dirt, leaves, and small branches on them and their shirts.

Thirteen and Eleven pressed against each other, shivering from their rain soaked shirts. Benny undid his apron, which he had been wearing this entire time, and wrapped the two in it like a blanket. They certainly were small enough for it to cover them both.

"We can sleep here for the night. Animals should stay away, and I don't think anyone will be able to find us this deep in the woods." Taking another futile look into their pitch black surroundings, Benny made a quick and small covering area out of branches and some leaves. Ushering the children under it, they laid on the ground and Benny made sure they were close enough to share body heat. The rain wouldn't be blocked out well, but it'd be better than lying out in the open.

Sighing and getting ready for a sleepless night, Benny lied down in front of the small structure, his back pressed against Thirteen's. Resting his head on his arm, Benny stared out into the woods.

The people hunting them will not get these kids. Not on his watch.

---

They were all soaked. Dustin blamed Mike, Lucas blamed Mike, Mike blamed Mike. But it would be worth it. The three had finally made it to where Will was last seen by Dustin, and after leaving their bikes in the ditch beside the road, had headed into the forest.

"Uhhh... Mike, Lucas, what do you think that is?" Dustin, who was at the back of the line, had his flashlight pointed at the ground, lighting up his feet. Mike and Lucas shared a look, and Mike rolled his eyes.

"What is it Dustin?" Moving back to the curly haired boy, Mike and Lucas glared at Dustin for stopping them, before looking down at where Dustin was pointing.

A huge footprint, slightly deformed by the rain, but still clearly so, was at the center of the large circle of light from the flashlights. Frowning, and his eyebrows pushing together, Mike moved to look at it better. It looked like a huge heel, with two almost bird like toe prints. They would have definitely said it was a bird, if it wasn't larger than a grown man's foot.

Shaking his head, Lucas coughed and shined his light in each of the other boys, causing Dustin to bring up his middle finger and drawing a "Fuck you Lucas" from Mike.

"Guys, it's probably just some deer with the print messed up." Waving his hands at the sky, Lucas called bullshit. "Rain anyone? The print is obviously fucked up, no way any animal leaves a print like that."

Sighing, the other two were forced to agree. Dustin figured that he could at least ask Mr. Clarke about it tomorrow. As Mike and Lucas continued walking, flashlights going everywhere, Dustin had to jog to get back to them. Taking on last look behind him, Dustin couldn't get the footprint out of his head.

Still. They came here to find Will, so Dustin began searching the surrounding woods with the other two, the three slowly heading deeper and deeper into the woods.

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Benny had finally, *finally* gotten to sleep. He would wake up sore in the morning, sure, but it'd be better than getting no sleep. Hopefully the kids would be alright in the morning, they had fallen asleep almost immediately.

Good things could never last, however, and within thirty minutes Benny awoke to the sound of movement, even over the rain. Shooting up, he looked back at the kids, making sure they were still there and asleep.

Lights were slowly headed directly for them. With a curse, Benny searched for a weapon, anything. Grabbing a large stone, he slowly crept forward, preparing to fight these people and hopefully buy Thirteen and Eleven enough time to escape. Taking a deep breath, he pressed himself against a tree that the soldiers would have to pass to get to his small camp.

"Will! Where are you?! Will!"

What the fuck? Head spinning, Benny almost physically stumbled from the words. That certainly didn't sound like a soldier. Still, who else would be in the woods right now? Resetting himself, he lifted the rock and got ready to swing it.

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Lucas, who was at the head of the group, was the first to spot it. A clearing, he shined his light at head height looking for signs of life. Then, from behind him, Mike shined his flashlight over to a tree, where it looked like a lean-to. Lucas shined his light there too, and they both saw a small pale foot peeking out from the side.

"Will! Is that you?!" Lucas started running first, sprinting to his friend with Mike close behind. Dustin took a second to realize what was happening, and sprinted behind his friends.

---

Benny quietly cursed when he saw the flashlights center in on Thirteen's small foot. Who was Will? Was that Thirteen's real name?

All thoughts were pushed away as a small, jacket covered body sprinted past him. Still in shock, Benny couldn't move even as

another *kid* ran past his hiding spot. What the fuck were *kids* doing here?!

Even as he processed this shock, a third person slowly jogged by, this one slower than the others. Shit, he had to do what he had to do. Lunging behind the kid, he wrapped his arms under the kids armpits and lifted him up. "Hey! Get out of here kids, you aren't welcome!" Benny's yell caught Mike by surprise, causing him to stumble then trip forward onto his face, though Lucas kept running. He was almost to Will, then everything would be okay.

Turning the corner, Lucas was greeted to the sight of Eleven and Thirteen shaking off the effects of sleep, and the call of 'Will' died on his lips. Who were these kids?

Dustin, as soon as his feet were off the ground, let out an almighty screech of fright, before Benny clamped his hand over the mouth of this stupid child. Dustin's panic filled eyes met Mike's concerned ones, and Mike scrambled to his feet even as a girl behind him shrieked.

Lucas, one moment, was facing the two barely clothed kids, covered in an apron of all things, and the next was flung through the air, before landing and skidding across the ground. With a sharp cry, a stone caught his left side and stopped him from moving further, and was encased in darkness without his flashlight.

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At the scream, Dustin felt the arms release him and suddenly the ground was too close. Catching himself with his shoulder, Dustin only just barely escaped a broken nose. The man who was holding him sprinted forward, pushing past a *very* confused Mike, who after staring at the man rushed to Dustin's side.

At Eleven's scream, Benny rushed to his two charges. Seeing a flashlight on the ground, but not the kid who had ran here, Benny momentarily stopped before running in front of the two kids. Bending down to look at Thirteen and Eleven with wide eyes, Benny looked over both of them for wounds, praying they weren't hurt. Grabbing the still disorientated kids, he pulled them to their feet and put them behind him even as he stared down Mike and Dustin, who had gotten up quickly to face his attacker.

Even as Mike death glared the large bearded man, Dustin frantically searched form Lucas, who's flashlight was lighting up a small, lightly drier than other areas, box that he assumed was where the foot's owner had been sleeping. Scanning his flashlight over the forest and calling for Lucas, almost unable to be heard over the storm which was rising in intensity. Then, the light ran over the downed form of his friend, who was a good twenty meters from where Dustin was standing.

"Who the fuck are you?!" Even as Dustin ran to Lucas, Mike shouted at the trio of people standing in front of him. The guy had attacked Dustin! "Why the fuck are you here?!"

Benny stepped forward, glaring even as water poured down his face, and did his best to look as intimidating as possible. "None of your business! Get out of here, and don't tell anyone what you saw here!" These stupid kids had scared his newly adopted kids, as now he would have to find another place to sleep.

Thirteen and Eleven, both standing behind Benny's arms, both held onto Benny as they glared at the new kid.

Running back, Lucas groaned and rubbed his ribs. Dustin thankfully was helping him move, though it still hurt where the rock and been slammed into his body. How the hell did that happen?

As the other two kids joined with Mike, Benny turned his glare on them as well. He didn't know how the one kid got so far away, but that wouldn't gain him much sympathy. What the hell were these kids doing out here in the woods at night?

The dark haired one, the one Benny had been staring down, spoke up in his high voice again. "Why?! Did you kidnap those kids?!" Benny felt his back straighten at the accusation, how *dare* he! But before he could respond, dots connected in the kids head. Lunging himself at the man, Mike shouted and cursed. "Wheres Will?! Where did you hide him?!" his small fists slamming into the man's stomach, Mike felt himself be shoved backwards onto his ass, and glared up at the man for touching him. But.. his arms were still outstretched covering the other kids.

Benny watched as the kid was flung backward, and as his two friends cursed and called Benny some rather descriptive adjectives, but looked back at Eleven. Once again, she was wiping blood from her face. What the hell was up with her?

Eleven only let the boy lay his hands on Benny once, before she put him down. Thirteen caught on immediately, and knew he had to do something. These people were threats, and he was willing to do what it took to make sure they wouldn't be.

Mike pushed himself up to a sitting position, but was stopped there. As he went to move his feet, the very ground beneath him wrapped itself around his ankles, encasing them in stone. Reaching forward to try and free himself, Mike let out a sharp yell as the hand still holding him up was treated the same, and he was immediately immobilized.

Lucas felt his support leave him as Dustin ran forward to stand over Mike, and Lucas quickly limped over. They didn't know what was happening to Mike, but they wouldn't let this man hurt their friend.

As the light from the flashlights showed the boys ankles, Benny had to take a mental step back. It looked like a snake made of stone had just bursted from the ground, before digging on the opposite side of the leg. The stone even had scales like a snake, but that was impossible? Turning again to look at Eleven, instead of the usual nose wiping whenever something odd happened, she looked just as surprised as he felt. A feeling taking over him, he turned his head to the other side, looking at Thirteen. And there it was, even in the dark Benny could see the blood slowly dripping out of the small boys nose. Not letting himself think too much about it, he focused back on the kids in front of him.

Today had officially gone to hell, Benny decided.

Quietly, Benny spoke so the three couldn't hear him. "Thirteen.. Thirteen, can you let him go?" Taking a chance his thoughts were right, he spared a glance at the boy behind him. The two stared at each other for a second, before Thirteen nodded reluctantly. Benny looked back at the two standing boys trying to break the stone without hurting their friend, but a second later the stone on his hand

and ankles exploded into dust and smaller rocks. Okay, so he was right. Not as pleasant as he was thinking it would be.

As soon as he was free, Mike shot up and shines his light in Benny's eyes, drawing a glare. "How did you do that?! What the hell is going on?!"

Dustin read the situation and stepped between everyone. "Okay! Okay! Mike, shut your mouth." At the confused and insulted look from his friend, Dustin only shrugged apologetically. "Everyone, just calm down, let's be rational about this." Looking at the large man who had attacked him, Dustin sighed and raised his voice so everyone could hear him over the rain, which was thankfully slowly dying down. "I'm Dustin, the idiot who was yelling was Mike, and the guy limping is Lucas. Now, what are your names?"

When Benny was silent for a few seconds, Dustin rolled his eyes. "Come on! Put a little trust in me!"

Growling and pushing Thirteen and Eleven almost completely out of sight behind him, Benny made up his mind. "Benny. Thats my name. I'm not telling you the kids names."

Dustin groaned and had to stop Mike and Lucas from acting like idiots. "I gotta ask, are they yours? We didn't just stumble on a kidnapping did we?" Violently praying against it, Dustin stared at Benny.

Taking a look behind him, Benny turned back to Dustin. "Kid, you three are getting yourself into something you don't want to be. They aren't mine, but I didn't kidnap them!" His annoyance once again flaring, Benny glared at Mike, the original accuser of such a thing.

Nodding, Dustin looked between the two hostile groups. Mke was easily the most aggressive, but only because Lucas was in pain. Lucas was always the easiest to anger. Slowly, Dustin spoke up again. "Do you guys need a place to stay? It can't be nice in the middle of the woods." Thinking for a moment, Dustin came to a unfortunate conclusion. "My mom is out of town on business, my house isn't far. I can house you three."

Even as Dustin watched Benny consider it, Mike finally spoke up. "No! We don't know anything about them!" Lucas only glared at Benny.

"Shut up!" Once again Dustin shouted at his friend. Couldn't he see this could work for them? "It's my house anyways, you have no say." Looking at Benny and the kids again, Dustin waited for any response. He was hoping for a no, he didn't like the idea, but it was their only one, and Dustin needed to know what was happening.

Benny's mind raced. If the kid was telling the truth, then this could be very, very good. Before he could decide however, "Yes. We will go." A small voice behind him spoke up, and Benny looked over his shoulder at Eleven.

"Are you sure about this?" Benny didn't like the idea, but if that's what Eleven and Thirteen wanted, then it would happen. Once he received two nods, albeit a reluctant one from Thirteen, he faced Dustin again. "Okay. Lets go."

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#### Authors Note!

Well that was an exciting ride. I've been wanting to write this out for a while now, but only recently got motivated. I've never wrote a fanfiction before, not one that I published, so I am open to suggestions in terms of how I write.

As you no doubt noticed, things are very different for our ragtag team of nerds. The one I'm most excited for is Thirteen, who I am excited to develop. Susan Harrington is also self created, and will show up again.

As for pre-existing characters, some I've changed. Ted, Nancy, Steve, Mike, and obviously Benny are going to be different. I'm trying to make Ted into a better father, less of a dumbass like in canon, so he and Karen can have better personalities. Nancy will probably be the largest change, as I've changed her from goody two shoes to more of a laid back girl, though she will follow a similar arc to the Canon Nancy with Jonathan and Barb. Mike will be.. Interesting. I don't know how I'll write him, but as you can tell he's a bit more focused

on finding Will, taking a similar stance as Canon Lucas in terms of the new guys. Steve, well I have plans for Steve. Starting off, he's going to be similar to Season Two Steve, but will hopefully have his own arc.

As for Benny, not much was established about him, so I'm making it up as I go. He may die, to make things easier on me, in fact he almost died this chapter(He was gonna be shot in the side by the guy at the door while running to the kids). It was heavily debated in my brain.

Things will be darker, most definitely, this time around. Will might not survive, but he has his bike. But expect death, though most likely no one *too* important. The only one I can think of writing off is Will, but he can't die for a few more chapters at least.

Eleven! My baby, adorable Eleven. Her powers are going to be different, though not in many obvious ways. One thing that confused me about Canon, is that Eleven has all these badass powers, connections to the Void, whereas Kali can only(Ha! *Only.*) mess with people's brains and eyesight So, a bit of a downgrade, or maybe just an upping of powers in everyone else. I do know what I want to happen with Thirteens powers, however, and he's going to be a power hitter.

You may have noticed a lack of the Byers family, only really Will showing up. I don't know how to really write any of them, with Joyce being the hardest. Same with Hopper and Brenner. So this story will have bits showing how everyone else is progressing, but it'll be heavily focused on Thirteen and Eleven's adventure.

## Pairings!

Oh god, this was a struggle for me to decide. But I've decided. The hardest was definitely Eleven/Mike, or Eleven/Thirteen, and too be honest that could change through the story. But I've got almost everyone planned out with who they will be with, or if they will be single.

Please comment!

I don't care if you are offering criticism or just saying hi, but just any

comment is appreciated. Even the haters, cuz that still means someone read my work. Though please, if there are any issues like grammar or spelling, tell me, I strive for perfection.

This will be going up on , and hopefully ArchiveOfOurOwn if I can get my account to work.

Expect the next chapter in at most a week! I'll be trying for an average of 10.000 words per chapter, so updating will take a bit longer than some fanfics out there.

This chapters word count(including AN) - 10.524

## 2. Chapter 2: The Madness Begins

My review of your reviews!

HPMarvel - Why thank you! You are the first reviewer, which tbh when I saw someone commented I did a happy dance! Hopefully no matter what happens it leaves off on something I am proud with and you all are satisfied with.

Skandal - Thank you! Pozdrowienia z Ameryki!

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Mike didn't like this. Lucas didn't like this. Dustin didn't like this. No one liked the idea of Benny and the two kids in tow staying in Dustin's house.

Currently, Mike had, with some grumbling, taken Eleven on the back of his bike, and Dustin had Thirteen on his, while Benny jogged beside the three bikes. Thankfully the rain had let up, and Eleven could stare up at the beautiful night sky. The stars and moon shone brightly, illuminating the asphalt in front of them.

Benny jogged alongside the road, thankful for remembering to keep in shape enough to keep a steady, if slower than wanted, pace with the bikes. Lucas brought up the back, while Mike and Eleven took the front and Benny was with Dustin and Thirteen.

Though the others were silent, either not wanting to talk or focusing on other things, the world around them was alive with noise. Crickets chirped and nocturnal birds swooped across the road, and the occasional rustling of bushes in the woods could be attributed to the larger pieces of life. Everytime a new noise was heard, Thirteen and Eleven both would look around, trying to find the source, constantly curious.

Benny kept his head down, sweat dripping down his spine and the mantra of 'right foot left foot' constantly repeating. He knew he was the weak link, the bikes having to go almost half speed to stay with him and not leave him in their dust. Just thinking about it doused him in cool water, and he pushed through his burning lungs and

forced himself to move just a little faster.

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When they finally, finally arrived at Dustin's house, Benny practically collapsed against the outer wall while Dustin propped up his bike and unlocked the door. Panting but managing a slight smile to the two weirdest children he knew slowly got off the bikes and walked into the house following Dustin, Leaving Benny with Mike and Lucas, who both watched him with caution mixed with suspicion.

Sighing, Benny decided this would have to happen. "What do you kids have against me?" Pausing for a breath, Benny straighten himself up so he could face them evenly. "I would rather you didn't hate me for something I don't know."

Mike looked over his shoulder at Lucas, who was still on his bike a few feet back. Sighing, he turned back to benny and glared up into the tall man's eyes. "We found you in the middle of the woods. With two children in only a shirt each. Who can do some weird shit. And now you are going to be in one of our friends houses, while he is alone, so why don't you tell me why we don't like you?"

Nodding, Benny turned to look at the door while he thought. Stroking his beard, Benny shrugged to himself as he considered the options. Turning back to the kids, he nodded slightly and motioned for them to follow him inside. "Come on, we can fix some of your worries."

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Dustin, once the door was unlocked, had walked in and began shuffling through his cupboard for some towels. As Thirteen and Eleven, as they had been told their names were (Lucas did not believe that was the truth) followed him, he lightly tossed two towels to Thirteen, who caught them and looked at them with furrowed eyebrows. Thankfully, Eleven was there to rescue him. Taking one and showing him how to dry his arms properly, Thirteen nodded his thanks and the two moved into the living room.

Shortly after, Benny strode in with Mike and Lucas following him with some confusion evident in their eyes. After a quick movement to close the large blinds on the window behind Thirteen and Eleven, Benny saw Dustin exiting from a hallway, presumably leading to

bedrooms, with some clothing in hand, which he quickly passed to the two children drying their limbs. Blinking as he saw Mike and Lucas in his house, instead of leaving back to their homes, they just shrugged and nodded at Benny. Benny set a forced smile on his face, and pitched his plan. "These guys are worrying about me, I don't know actually, just causing problems since you would be alone. So," taking a glance back at the two boys in mention as they shuffled their feet in being focused on by Dustin's annoyed glare, "I think they should stay here for the night. Tomorrow I'm going to head to the police and see what they can do."

Frowning, Dustin looked at Lucas and Michael. It wouldn't be the first time they spent the night together, but their first time at Dustin's house. The three made their way to the Kitchen to talk about it, leaving Benny to help Eleven and Thirteen dress up.

Eleven looked at the soft sweatpants and shirt in her hands, and was fairly sure she knew how to dress herself in these. Usually the doctors would dress her, and only in the gowns or the wetsuits for the bath. Pushing those thoughts out of her head, she gently set the clothes down on couch, noticing Thirteen following her movements a few seconds behind. Calmly reaching down at the shirt Benny had given her, she began to pull up and over her head, but not before Benny squawking like a bird and lunged forward to stop her. Feeling his blood pressure rise again from the stress of these kids, Benny crouched down and quickly told them both, "No no no no, no. We don't change in the open, no getting naked." Sighing and looking over at the kitchen doorway, Benny turned back to face Eleven who dropped her shirt back into place with a confused look settling on her face.

"Where do we.. change?" Came a timid reply from the girl. Thirteen picked up his set of clothes and held it to him while he waited.

"Right down here, in the bathroom." Gently leading them both down the hallway to the bathroom, Eleven walked in first. When Benny turned and began to shut the door however, she quickly moved forward to block the door with her fingers. Wincing and rubbing her knuckles, Eleven stared at Benny and firmly stated "No." Nodding, Benny left a few inches open to appease her.

As soon as she turned her back to him, Benny stood with his back against the opening, so she could still have privacy. Groaning and rubbing his face, Benny realized again just how screwed up these kids were. Abused almost certainly, looking pale as the snow that would be falling in a week or two, and skinny as twigs. This was going to be fun to explain to the police. Benny just hoped they would be able to lock up these kids father, along with whoever had attacked and chased them last night.

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As soon as Dustin, Lucas and Mike entered the kitchen, Mike moved to the phone next to the fridge. Hopping up to sit on the counter while he began putting in his home number, Dustin called over to him, "So I guess you are staying? Or are ya calling for a ride?"

Snorting, Mike finished putting in his number and listened to the ringing. "No way in hell I'm letting these guys stay at your house without being here with you." as his mother grabbed the phone and anxiously answered, Mike turned slightly and began responding quietly, "Mom, its Mike I'm-" Sharply pulling the phone from his face, Dustin and Lucas could both hear Karen shouting through the phone.

Chuckling quietly, Dustin turned to Lucas, the unspoken question in the air. Lucas nodded quickly, firmly voicing his opinion. "I don't like these people, don't trust them as far as I could throw them." Dustin grinned and opened his mouth to speak, though Lucas cut him off, "Yes, I realize that the kids are super thin, fuck you. You know what I mean, there is something fishy going on and if you are diving in, I'm going to be here to dive in and save your sorry ass when the time comes." Wincing when he heard Mike arguing with his mother, Lucas continued in a more worried voice, "Though, my mom isn't going to be happy with the change in plans. Mike has it the worst though." Dustin nodded and looked at Mike sympathetically.

After finally convincing his mother to let him stay the night, and explaining what the hell they were all doing at Dustin's, Mike walked back, still shaking slightly from the wrath of his mother. "So, I'm grounded for a week, but I can stay and she said she would tell Mrs. Sinclair where Lucas is. So, we all ready for this?" Once Dustin and Lucas nodded their agreement, they headed back out into the front room where the freshly clothed Thirteen and Eleven were awkwardly

standing with Benny.

Thirteen and Eleven both sat down on the couch quietly, and watched the other kids and grown up talk, neither understanding most of the words as the conversation went on, the two just sat next to each other in silence.

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His car rumbling up into the small cul de sac that contained the Wheeler house, Steve gave Nancy a quick peck on the cheek. Smiling at her faint blush, Steve helped her get her books and backpack out of the back seat.

As they made their way to the door, Steve turned and grinned at Nancy. "Hey, tomorrow my parents will be out of town, some people are coming over for a little party. Wanna come with?" Putting his hands on her hips and making them sway at the same time, Steve gave a mock noise of disappointment when Nancy shook her head no.

"My mom is going to kill be for staying out till almost eleven at night, my funeral will be happening tomorrow, so I'll be busy." Smiling when Steve said he'd be sure to attend her funeral, Nancy gave one more kiss before opening the door and facing the music. The horrific, screeching music.

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As dozens of volunteers continued their search through the woods, Hopper stared at the broken fence in front of him. Something had smashed its way out, leaving a large gap that lead into the grounds of Hawkins lab.

Groaning, Hopper scratched his cheek. Looks like he will be going back to the damn lab in the morning.

---

Everyone had sat down, Benny sitting on the floor so there was room for the kids. Sleep had overpowered Thirteen, and he now slept quietly between Eleven and Mike on the couch, head resting on Eleven's shoulder. After Benny had explained his meeting of Eleven and Thirteen, and Lucas and Dustin filled in the details they knew about Will and why they had been out so late that evening, Mike

finally, during a lull in talk, asked the big question. "So..." Looking nervously at the sleeping boy next to him and then at the vaguely terrifying girl on the other side of said boy, Mike plunged into it. "Now we've gotten everything out of the way in terms of background, what the hell happened in the forest? Something pushed me, and something grabbed my feet."

Eleven stiffened in her seat as all eyes focused on her. Squirming nervously, she thought about how to explain it. "I.. I pushed you. Thirteen," here she nodded at the still sleeping boy in question, "Grabbed your feet. With the ground." Frowning, Mike looked at the sleeping form.

Speaking up, Benny brought forth one of his questions pertaining to the weird things happening. "But, not with your hands? Without touching people, you push them?" Lucas cursed as he realized that's what happened to him in the forest, and sent a glare Eleven's way. She had the decency to look apologetically at Lucas, and nodded affirmative to Benny's question. "And.. And is that what causes yours and his," motioning at Thirteen, "nosebleeds?"

Eleven nodded and unconsciously brought her hand to her nose, before dropping it back into her lap.

Dustin felt excitement start to bubble. This was just like his comics! "Can- Can you try something now? I wanna see some crazy force powers." Lucas and Mike both leaned forward with curiosity written across their faces, and Benny sat up straight. He had been wanting answers for a while now, but never got the chance to ask.

Eleven slowly nodded again, and closed her eyes to focus. The boys all looked around, looking for whatever was happening, until Dustin yelled and tried to grab his hat, which had risen a few feet off his head. Mike and Lucas quickly looked at Eleven, and confirmed she was bleeding, just like she said. While Dustin kept trying to grab his hat, which had by now pressed itself against the ceiling, Mike and Lucas both stared at each other with agape mouths. She wasn't lying. This is all real. "Holy shit..." Mike breathed, watching as the hat dropped back into Dustin's hands, and Eleven opened her eyes.

Wiping blood off her face, Eleven looked at the four faces, mixes of

amazement and excitement, with a little bit of fear, flickered over everyone. Smiling softly at Dustin's muttering about touching his hat, Eleven felt the days activities begin to take its toll. Between lifting dozens of rocks at once, to snapping the bad man's neck, the small amount of sleep she got in the forest was not enough to get her back to even close to full strength. Eleven looked at Thirteen, envious that he had gotten away to sleep before the questioning began.

Benny thankfully catches the glance, and how Eleven's posture has changed. Smiling to himself, he speaks over the boys frantic chattering, "You all can keep talking, but I think your two new favorite people, are due for sleep." Eleven nodded gratefully, and lied down horizontally on the couch, glad she could finally sleep.

Dustin was quick to rectify the situation, he shook his head at Eleven and waved his hand towards the bedrooms. "My mom isn't home, you can sleep in her bed. Should be clean." Eleven smiled and whispered her thanks, and made her way up off the couch and walked to the hallway. Seeing the multiple doors, knowing only the bathroom, she turned and looked at Dustin again, who understood and pointed out which room it was.

As Eleven walked down the hall, she became acutely aware of how quiet it was becoming, the talk of the boys and Benny slowly being muffled by walls. The walls seemed to lean forward, pressing closer to her as her breathing sped up, but she pushed forward and opened the door to the room. Pitch black except from the faint light through the window, the room was thankfully large, freeing her from the oppressively closed in area of the small hallway. Fumbling for the light switch, Eleven looked at the large bed now encased in light, and she slowly climbed onto it. Lying down on the soft pillows, Eleven pulled the covers up to her chin and curled on her side, waiting for sleep to come.

At the sound of the door creaking more - she had not closed it fully - Eleven sat up sharply and looked at the noise, where Benny stood holding the still sleeping Thirteen in his arms. Benny softly answered her silent question, "There isn't enough room for everyone, could he sleep in here? We were thinking he would be the best choice, and it'd be better if you weren't alone I'm sure." Eleven nodded slowly, and moved to the side of the bed, before returning to her curled up state.

Benny stepped forward and set Thirteen down on the other side of the bed, and pulled the covers to his shoulders.

Smiling awkwardly, Benny stepped back out, letting the two sleep.

---

That morning, Thirteen was the first to awake, opening his eyes to the blinding rays of the sun peaking through the window. Initially panicking at the change of environment, he had thrown off the covers before he had seen Eleven peacefully sleeping across from him. If she was here, and okay, then it was safe. Probably. As safe as either of them could be, he decided. Stepping with practiced quietness, Thirteen softly padded his way down the hall into the main living room they had been in before. Dustin was stretched out across the couch, snoring quietly and drooling on his pillow from his own bed. Mike and Lucas were both in different chairs, quietly sleeping, Mike with his head leaned back against the chair, and Lucas sprawled over the armchair horizontally, his legs dangling. Looking for Benny, Thirteen found him lying on the floor, back against a wall, opposite of the kids, and his head facing the front door, his only pillow being his arm.

Awkwardly looking around, not knowing what to do, Thirteen began stepping back to the bedroom he woke up in. However, life does love to mess with people, and just before Thirteen could escape, Lucas stirred in his sleep for a moment, before waking up and groaning. Almost falling out of his chair, Lucas stood up and stretched, feeling his back pop and ache. Turning his head to pop his neck, Lucas jumped and felt his heart backflip seeing the silent Thirteen staring at him from the hallways entrance.

Pressing his hand to his chest, willing his heart rate to calm the hell down, Lucas and Thirteen stared at each other before Lucas shook his head and looked at the other boys. "First ones up?" A rhetorical question, Thirteen nodded anyway. "Creepy ass weirdo," Lucas muttered under his breath. "So, you got the same weird shit Eleven does?" At his confused look, Lucas sighed and wiggled his fingers his fingers at him, like he was trying to do magic. "Spooky powers?" Thirteen blinked, and slowly nodded. "So what, she's got telekinesis, what do you have?" Moving closer, so he wasn't as close to the still sleeping boys, Lucas leaned against the wall in the hallway opposite

of Thirteen. "El' said you were the one to grab Mike, after she pushed him, but I saw that was made of rock and dirt. Is that what you can do? Move the earth with your brain?"

"El?"

"Yeah, El. Mike suggested it, less mouthy than 'Eleven'. We'll find a name for you, 'Thirteen' is even more mouthy." Lucas quietly explained. Crossing his arms over his chest while he watched Thirteen, the two stared at each other for a moment, not knowing what to say.

Frowning, Thirteen looked back at the still sleeping people in the living room, before looking back at Lucas. "I can show you," Thirteen finally spoke. Lucas nodded excitedly, standing up straight and backing up against the wall fully.

Closing his eyes, Thirteen focused on creating his snake of flames. Feeling the familiar coolness of the fire begin to creep over his palm, Thirteen opened his eyes to watch it grow to a full foot and a half, maybe two inches in thickness. He was happy to see it was larger, almost as big as he had ever been able to make it at the lab on his best days. Well, except the night he broke out. That night, the snakes had been huge, and there had been tentacles with them.

Lucas didn't know or care about any of those things though. As the fire created itself in the palm of this kids hand, a deep orange surrounded by faint blue on the edges, not hurting him in the slightest even as it laid directly on the skin, Lucas watched with wide eyes, almost forgetting to breath while he stared into the eyes of a *snake made of fire*. "Thats.. That's amazing! Can I touch it?" When Thirteen focused again, making sure it wouldn't hurt anyone, he nodded and Lucas hesitantly reached out and ran his fingers down the snakes back. It felt *solid*. Like it was real. Lucas had touched a few snakes, mostly really small garden ones that his mom had found and wanted killed, but Lucas would pick them up and take them away. This one's scales, they were designed even in the fire, defined and felt like actual snake skin.

The snake swung its head between looking at Thirteen and Lucas, before climbing up onto Lucas' hand, and began pulling its long body

up into his palm, coiling up and looking up at Lucas, as if waiting.

Dull warmth emanating from the very light snake, Lucas shakilly ran his fingers over the head, watching as it nuzzled against his hand like a dog being pet. Once it received attention, the snake began moving up his arm, and began wrapping itself over Lucas's skin. Lucas laughed, at both the feeling of the snake skin ran over his skin and the *absurdity* of the situation. Scientific knowledge was thrown out the window. "This is insane." Lucas grinned at Thirteen's faint smile, and noticed the blood steadily making its way to his lip. Concern flashing over his face, Lucas curiously questioned, "What'll happen when you wear out? Will it just disappear?" Absentmindedly petting the snake's body as it climbed up him.

Thirteen shook his head, hoping he would be able to get it off of Lucas before he tired out. "It... breaks when I'm tired."

Lucas opened his mouth to question further, but was interrupted by a very tired Mike's voice from his chair. "Break? What broke?" Standing, Mike worked the kinks out of his body, accidentally waking Dustin, who decided in his sleep hased mind it'd be a good idea to roll - right onto the floor. Groaning, Dustin let out a string of curses as a still groggy Mike helped him to his feet.

Prying the snake off his arm, Lucas handed it back to Thirteen. "Guess we are all getting up. You go get El, I'll wake up Benny." As Lucas went to help Benny up from the floor, Thirteen nodded and felt the snake soak back into him, stopping the slight but ever constant drain holding its form too. Liquid fire was a lot easier to make, but wasn't close to as fun.

---

*"Thirteen, please create the serpent. Just like we practiced." Brenner's voice echoed through the loudspeaker.*

*Thirteen must have been only nine years old, baby fat still clung to his cheeks while he looked down at the bowl they had given him to put the snake into when he made it. Across from him, on the other side of the table, sat the Silver Man. encased entirely in silver, Papa had said it was to keep the man safe.*

*Scrunching his face up, Thirteen felt the energy sap away from him, as the snake curled up from the underside of the table. It slowly crawled up, and into the bowl, leaving behind a trail of oily flames on the metal table. Once the six inch snake was curled in the bowl, the Silver Man took out tools. They were different from the last few times Thirteen had seen the tools doctors use, though they looked painful. Hopefully they weren't going to be used on him like the last ones.*

*The snake looked curiously at the silver man, its blue flame eyes flickering over the tools. "Thirteen, keep the focus on the serpent, no matter what happens." Nodding at Brenners words, Thirteen closed his eyes and retreated into quietness.*

*Brenner looked in from his window at the Silver Man, and nodded. Taking the scalpel and forceps, the man gripped the snake and trapped it, pinning it against the ceramic bowl. Taking the scalpel, he began doing his best to cut off the skin of the snake. "Skin is tough, but I can get through it with enough force, I'm sure." The man spoke through the microphone inside his suit, and finally exerts enough force behind the scalpel to slice through part of the skin.*

*As soon as the fiery skin was parted by the blade, Thirteen opened his eyes and shrieked, crying out. "Stop! Stop! No!" Pushing his chair away from the table, the snake broke down to a liquid, sloshing in the bowl before the bowl itself was sent flying by Thirteen flinging himself at the Silver Man.*

*The pain, it had been indescribable. Like his lungs had been slashed up, but were still trying to breathe.*

*Thirteen knew he would be punished, but it didn't matter. Smashing into the Silver Man, he gripped his left hand around the neck, squeezing with all the force he could, and pressed his left hand against the off colored see through plastic. The man was screaming - for help, for God, who knows - all Thirteen could hear was his blood pumping through his skull.*

*As soon as Thirteen went volatile, Brenner shouted for men to get in there. The first three men to go in, they were not intelligent enough to grab the heat resistant suits like the more experienced soldiers were doing now. Oh well, they wouldn't be contributing to the gene pool. Brenner only sighed as the three men slammed opened the door and charged Thirteen, trying to get him off the other man.*

*Hearing the door handle slam against the tiled wall, Thirteen faced three very underprepared soldiers. The Silver Man had stopped screaming, and laid under him, unmoving. As the three ran at him, trying to grab under his arms to take him, probably to the cell, Thirteen screamed and slashed his hand in an arc at the three soldiers.*

*From the liquid fire, spilt out of the bowl in the corner of the room, erupted a spray of fire that easily swept over them all, consuming everything down to the bone, leaving not even a smell, only leaving lumps of metal that were once guns lying on scorched tile. The jet of fire splashed against the wall, sending fire spraying everywhere on the room, burning holes in the gown that was always given to him.*

*More. There were always more of them. Two more men, this time dressed in the same silver outfit as the first men, caught both of Thirteens arms as he strode out of the door, looking for his Papa.*

*Shouting as he was lifted into the air, Thirteen squirmed and managed to grip the arm of the man on his left, drawing a scream and causing the man to let go of him and grasp his forearm. Turning to face the one on his left, Thirteen pulled him closer down with his right arm, and pressed his left hand against the plastic like he did with the very first one. The man shot his head backwards, and brought his free hand across Thirteens face, sending him sprawling to the floor hearing faint ringing.*

*The last thing he saw was the white tile, and as he tried to push himself back up, something sank into his neck and he fell into blackness.*

*Brenner watched impassively as the raging child was quickly drugged, and carried off to the isolation cell by a fast moving orderly. Looking back through the doorway, Brenner sighed as he saw the two silver clad men groaning and lying beside the doorway, being stripped of their gear by the doctors on site.*

*Inside, there wasn't even ash of the three foolish men. The metal that had been their guns was still superheated, and Brenner felt the heat slam into him as he stepped into the room. Loosening his collar, Brenner only hoped he could get out of the heat soon. Looking down at Mells, the scientist that had been in the room first, he ran his finger over the melted aluminum material at the neck, perfectly shaped into a small handprint. Groaning quietly, Brenner pulled off the destroyed and warped helmet.*

*Pressing his wrist up against his nose, Brenner was greeted with the sight of a half-melted skull, with the blackened bone smiling up at him even as the scalp and skin on the sides of the head bubbled and smoked. The neck had the same treatment, Brenner was able to see all the way to the spine in some areas.*

*Stepping out of the oven of a room, Brenner knelt by the two men who had grappled with Thirteen. The first man had gotten lucky, very lucky. His arm was half scorched, third degree burns along the inner forearm, he would need the skin removed and even then they might need to amputate. But the second man. The second man, his arm was very similar, but the right side of his face looked like melted plastic, drooping over his eye and pulled away from his now exposed cheekbones. He was thankfully unconscious, and Brenner stood as Doctors put both of them onto stretchers to be taken to the hospital in the facility. Hopefully they would survive, they were smart and tough to become good soldiers.*

"Sir?" Turning, Brenner faced another scientist who was examining Mells. "These suits are supposed to be used for over two hundred degrees. He charred it, charred it black."

"Indeed. I would suggest researching suits with better protection." Brenner said coldly as he strode away, deeper into the lab.

---

Eleven had barely felt the hand on her shoulder before she awoke, turning to face behind her where Thirteen stood, awkwardly fidgeting. Smiling faintly, she tossed the blankets off of her and slid off the bed. "Others are waking up. Lucas said to get you." Quietly Thirteen explained from behind her as the two walked out of the room and into the living room, where Dustin was on the couch rubbing his nose, and the other three were talking with each other, near enough to Dustin for him to be in the conversation.

"-Snake made of fire! It was badass!" Lucas said excitedly, waving his hands around. "It crawled on me, it didn't even hurt! It was solid!"

"This keeps getting weirder, but even more awesome." Mike nodded and grinned enthusiastically. "Do you think he could bring it back?"

"You could just ask him, you lump," came the reply from the couch,

causing Mike to spin and flush when he saw Thirteen staring at him in the hallway, behind Eleven.

Eleven turned back to Thirteen, her face lighting up. "Fire-snake? You made it?" At Thirteen's nervous nod, she grabbed his hand and brought him closer to the grouping of people. Dustin stood, and the six stood in a circle, all looking at Thirteen who alternated between staring at the floor and up at Lucas and Eleven.

Eleven poked the silent boy next to her. "Make it."

Thirteen nodded slowly and closed his eyes again. Blood once again beginning to leak from his nostril, a small snake wormed its way from the underside of his hand, up to where all could see it.

The deep blue flame eyes stared at the group of slack jawed (Except Lucas and Eleven, who had similar looks of excitement) people.

Mike was the first to take the plunge, and slowly reached out his hand to stroke the snake. "Its.. It's just like Lucas said, it's just warm." Gently picking the snake up, Mike held it for a few moments before Dustin and Benny both touched it.

Thirteen opened his eyes as soon as the snake was out of his hands, and watched as the three ran their fingers down its back and whispered their awe. The snake, showered in attention, pressed against Benny's hand before crawling onto Dustin.

"Ah shit! Its crawling on me, get it off get it off!" As Dustin flung his hands, wishing the snake would get off of him, it just kept crawling up his arm.

As Mike and Lucas laughed, Thirteen grinned and gently peeled the snake off of Dustin's skin. "What, don't like snakes?" Mike asked mockingly.

"Fuck you, man. Snakes can be snakes, but no crawling on me." Rubbing his arm, Dustin glared at Mike.

Lucas began to butt into the conversation, but was interrupted by Mikes watch buzzing. "Shit, is that the alarm for school?"

"Yeah, we have to get going now - Shit."

"What?" Dustin interjected, annoyance laced in his voice. "You can't just say 'Shit' then not continue."

"Guys, we left our backpacks back at my place-

"Shit!"

"-We don't have time to bike all the way there and back to school." Mike finished.

Lucas looked between his two friends, before slowly speaking up. "Should.. Should we just skip? We kinda have a fair reason," Motioning at the three guests in the house, "And this way we can learn more."

Groaning, Mike turned around and put his head into his hands. Turning back around after a while of thinking, he had decided. "Alright, but this time you get to make up a lie to our parents." Mumbling under his breath, Mike said to himself, "God my parents are gonna kill me."

---

As soon as the sun had come up, Hopper had washed off the smell of the forest and tiredness, and driven to the lab again.

Not seeing anyone besides the gate guard, who was easily manipulated into letting the three officers into the lab, Hopper, Callahan and Powell all walked up to the doors of the still burnt lab.

"What the hell happened to this place? Looks like someone doused the place with oil before it was burnt down."

"Apparently, electrical fire. That's what the head of the lab says." Hopper grunted as he pushed open the still burnt doors, hinged not fully working yet. They were thankfully met by a soldier, though thankfully might not be the word they would use. Callahan almost lost his lunch looking at the mess of a man.

The entire right side of his face was melted, his right eye partially covered where the skin of his eyebrow sank down to meet

cheekbone. The cheek bone itself was uncovered, leaving only a offset white colored bone showing through, and the skin of his cheek and temple were light pink. The man saluted, notably not shaking hands with any of them. "I will be leading you to Brenner, he is currently in his office." His smooth voice sent shivers down Callahan's spine.

Taking them to a miraculously unburnt area of the lab, the soldier knocked on the door. A soft "Come in," was heard, and the soldier opened the door and motioned for the officers to walk in. "That'll be all, Simmons. You may return to your tasks." Simmons nodded and quietly closed the door. Hopper didn't hear any footsteps leave.

---

"Well, that was weird." Powell, while annoying mostly, was right. "That guy, Simmons, was not right in the head. Kept looking at us like we were gonna try and kill Brenner."

"Yeah, I agree, that whole place was weird." Callahan quietly agreed, looking back at the lab.

"Hey Hop, did they ever actually say what happened with the fence?" Powell leaned against their vehicle, looking over at the officer in question.

"No, no they did not." The three got into their vehicle, and drove back to the station.

---

"Sir, should Isaak and I begin sweeping the town for the two experiments?" Simmons walked down the hall with Brenner, passing workers replacing the infrastructure of the underground lab.

Passing by the room, where they both knew used to house Thirteen, Brenner answered Simmons question without emotion. "Yes, and I'm sure you remember to be on the lookout for that diner owner, Benny. He should know where they are, so we need him alive. We need all of them alive, so no unfortunate accidents for Thirteen." Simmons impassionately nodded, knowing whatever he said Brenner would know that he had been planning for just that. "Tell Isaak the same, I know Thirteen made life difficult for both of you but no matter what,

he needs to survive."

"Yes sir. I will have Isaak do a blanket sweep with some of our more discreet workers, I will go and investigate Hammonds house, then join them in searching. And if we find all three together? What shall we do about Hammond then?"

"The obvious, kill him. No one gets to know about them, so learn if he has told anyone before killing him."

"Yes sir."

---

"Hey, did you get yesterday's paper? I didn't have time to check it, and I'm not giving away the habit of knowing what's happening in the world." Benny half shouted to Dustin, who was in his room feeding Yurtle the turtle. The sun had risen, and Eleven and Thirteen were sitting beside each other watching TV while Lucas and Michael argued about comic book superheroes.

"Yeah, I have it... here." Dustin had apparently used yesterday's newspaper for Yurtle's tank. Hopefully Benny wouldn't mind the back page missing. "Hold on, coming to ya."

"Thanks kid." Benny leaned against the wall, opening the paper, making sure not to touch any of the spots Yrtle had torn up.

*Hawkins state lab caught fire last night! Product of electrical experimentation, Dr. Brenner (Lead Scientist) says. Below, you will see the damage done by the fire, which claimed the lives of fifty-six workers.*

Below the main heading statement, beside the names of all the souls consumed, was the huge Hawkins Lab. Benny had of course heard of it, the townsfolk loved creating horror stories about what went down in the lab. Looking over the huge burns, on concrete no less, Benny flinched as he noticed a blackened hand sticking out of a window on the upper floors. "Poor guys."

The picture must have been taken early, frost was still on the grass of the picture showing the entrance. Brenner was standing off, talk to.... "What the fuck? No.. No?" Benny moved over to where the kids were,

uncaring as Thirteen glared at him for blocking the TV. "Do you guys recognize this place? I think that doctor, Brenner, is talking to that guy who showed up yesterday, Jeremy or whatever." Benny smacked down the picture on the coffee table - a faint "Don't break things!" could be heard from Dustin's room - and Benny watched as Thirteen and Eleven took one look at the lab in the picture before stiffening in their seats.

Eleven slowly put a finger on the back of Brenners white head. "Papa," She shakily whispered. "That's Papa."

"Wait wait wait," Mike stood and shifted over to look at the picture. "That's your Papa? The lead of Hawkins La- oh shit." Mike looked at Lucas, who was also looking at the photo over his shoulder. "It makes sense. That makes too much fucking sense."

Thirteen looked over at Lucas, then Mike. "Home." He tapped the large lab. "I burnt home. Thought I would get Papa."

"Holy shit kid, this was you?" Benny had to suppress the urge to flinch backwards as he thought about all the people who died, who left behind families. This kid, he wasn't a monster. Right? "You... You killed all those people?" When Thirteen nodded slowly, Benny let out a breath and leaned back.

Dustin walked back to all of his friends grouped around the newspaper. "Guys, what the hell is so interesting?" When Lucas beckoned him over. "Oh shit, what happened to the lab?"

Mike looked up at Dustin, who stood staring at them all. Nodding at Thirteen and Eleven, Mike simply said, "They did." It took a second of Dustin looking between the new kids and Mike for him to get it.

"Wait, you dont mean-"

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean." Mike looked over the burn patterns. He could see it now, the most burnt spots looked like snakes crawling over the walls and floor.

Lucas flopped down into his chair. "So, what, are you guys just experiments?" Sitting up quickly, he jabbed Thirteen in the arm,

drawing a cry of surprise from him and a glare from Eleven. "Sorry, sorry," Lucas put up his hands, "Just checking you were human."

"Dustin, smack Lucas."

"Of course Mike." Dustin slapped Lucas' arm hard, making the boy glare up at his friend. "What else would they be, besides human?! You read too many comic books." Lucas scoffed and looked back at Thirteen and Eleven.

"Says you. Sorry Thirteen." Lucas had the courtesy to look embarrassed.

"So," Benny spoke up, "We are housing science experiments from the government. Wonderful."

---

*Eleven knew what was happening, what Papa wanted. She didn't want to find the Monster, but he was going to make her. Eleven didn't want to go back under the needles and knives again.*

---

*It had all gone to hell, just like she knew it would. As soon as the cracks in the walls appeared, Papa had pulled her out of the tank and had the soldiers rush her to her cell, where she was undressed from the wetsuit and redressed in her usual gown. Then, the door had been slammed shut and locked, and Eleven could hear the footsteps and gunfire in the distant parts of the lab. The monster was free.*

*She had to get out. Pounding her hand against the door, she screamed for help, if the monster killed everyone before she was freed, she would be stuck in here.*

*Backing away from the door, Eleven put her hand out, and closed her eyes. These doors were built to hold her in, but with enough force...*

*With a loud crack, the door split in a jagged line down the center, from which Eleven pushed the two thick chunks of steel outwards and stepped out of the new doorway.*

*Hearing alarms blare, gunshots and screams echoing down the dimly lit white halls, Eleven pulled a grate off of one of the air ducts, and lifted*

*herself into it before crawling. She didn't know where she was going, but she couldn't stay here.*

---

*As soon as the alarms started blaring, Thirteen knew something was wrong. He had been with Simmons and Isaak, his usual guards, when they started. Simmons had looked at Isaak, before jogging down the hallways to the noises. Isaak grabbed Thirteen by the scruff of his neck, dragging him down the hall to the isolation cell - Which was the original destination for Thirteen, since he had acted out and killed another scientist, again - When they had stumbled across It. Turning a corner, they came face to face with a large, slimy beast that was crouched over.. Something.*

*"HEY!" Not bothering to even think, Isaak immediately pulled his gun with his left hand and began firing at the green monster. "Fuck you!" The monster turned its head sharply to the pair, before opening its face and screeching at them.*

*Both the soldier and the numbered pyromaniac took a step back as spittle flew. The white coated body, for now Thirteen could see it was indeed an extremely mangled body, was covered in blood, and he was pretty sure its arms weren't supposed to bend that way.*

*This was his chance, his only chance. Thirteen shoved Isaak against the wall as hard as he could, and ran. He could hear Isaak shouting, and the footsteps of more soldiers and gunfire ringing in his ears as they put clip after clip of bullets into it.*

*As Thirteen sprinted around another corner, and then another, feeling the cold tile pass under his feet, he turned the corner to where he knew the elevator was. He was traded walks around the area for good behaviour, but those didn't last long. Blah blah, killing people isn't good behaviour, blah blah blah.*

*Running up to the elevator, Thirteen got to the doors just as they began to open. Skidding to a stop, almost falling onto his face, Thirteen stood staring at an elevator full of armed, trained soldiers.*

---

*It was Nicholas first job, right out of the military. He had decided to go back to his hometown, and was offered to join as a security officer for*

*Hawkins Lab. The silent, too-clean feel was very difficult to get used to, but after a month Nick had managed it. He knew nothing of the downstairs, except the simple fact that some scary dude with a scorched face went down a lot, and that he was not allowed down under any circumstance.*

*Well, unless pretty much every damn alarm the building had was going off, gunshots could be heard through the floor, and Nick was pretty damn sure he heard something in the vents.*

*Vhana, the head of security and Nicks boss, was currently storming down the halls. "Everyone! Move your asses! Meet me at the damn elevator, shit is going down! One group already went down, we will be meeting up with them!"*

*Groaning, Nick and his partner on his post both jogged to stick behind their boss. Running his hand through his short locks, Nick was joined by more security than he knew was there in the lab. They rushed down the hall to the elevator, and Richard, one of the older guards, slammed his fist on the call button. Some of the others leaned against the wall, out of breath from running, and Jackson, the boss, stood in front of the elevator waiting.*

*The doors slowly slid open, and most of the group stepped forward ready to begin the descent. The only thing standing in the elevator, however, stopped them all cold.*

*A small child, shaved head and bleeding from both nostrils, stood in the center of a more-than-slightly flaming elevator. Fire licked up the walls of the room, and for a moment everyone was silent as they all stared. Vhana was the first to notice, first to notice the layer of ash on the floor and the bubbling metal lumps. The bullet marks all across the walls, the dried blood on the walls, the smell of barbecue.*

*Shakily raising his gun to aim at the child, Vhana was the first to die as a column of fire charged down the hallway, consuming anything it touched. Thank god, thank fucking god Nick was out of shape and was one of the ones who was pressed against the wall. He only, you know, had most of his clothes melted onto his skin and his face seared like a steak.*

*Richard had survived as well, only because he had pressed himself onto*

*the wall and into a corner, but they looked like they were the only ones. Richard dropped his superheated gun, walking forward into the middle of the hallway, before falling onto his side in pain from the burns covering his body.*

*The kid just walked forward, stepping over Richard, and as blood began to leak from his ears, the fire in the elevator flared and tendrils of fire slowly spread out. The fire ran right over Richard, drawing screams for a sickly second until he went silent, and was consumed by the ever growing web of fire.*

*Nicholas saw them coming, unable to move his destroyed legs as the fire spread over the walls and slowly covered him.*

*The kid didn't listen to his pleas for help, or his screams of pain. The last thought that flashed through his mind was a simple prayer, to whatever gods existed, a question. Please, God, why did you make this monster?*

---

"Our, our friend Will.. the last time we saw him he was riding home." Mike glanced at Lucas and Dustin behind him. "He rides along Mirkwood" "Mirkwood?" "Yeah, where Kerley and Cornwallis meet. That road runs right along the lab."

Eleven looked at Thirteen, then back at the Mike. "Will is.. Gone?"

"Yeah, we haven't been able to find him. We were actually looking for him, when we found you guys. It can't be a coincidence that he went missing the same night you guys broke out of there."

"Coincidence? What is that?" While Thirteens vocabulary has grown immensely since meeting these four, they could only teach him and Eleven so much.

"Its.. Dustin how the hell do I explain a coincidence?" Lucas groaned. At least they now had a good explanation to these kids lack of knowledge.

Dustin had to take a moment to get his thoughts in order. "It's like.. No.. So it's like when two things happen. So, those two things, they interact, right? But nothing made those two things happen, but for

seperate reasons. Does.. Does that make sense?"

Thirteen and Eleven both shook their heads.

"Dammit. Do I have a damn dictionary anywhere in this place?" Dustin looked around, before speed-walking back into his room, before shouting and coming back out, large book in his hands. "Okay, this thingy says a coincidence is," Dustin cleared his throat, "a remarkable concurrence of events or circumstances without apparent causal connection." At their still blank looks, he slammed the book shut. "Whatever, I'll explain it sometime later. Doesn't matter much. Point is, most likely something to do with the lab took Will." Dustin pointedly ignored Mike and Lucas' snickering.

Eleven slowly turned to look at Thirteen, who sat beside her like always on her left. "Did.. did you see *it*? When you escaped."

"Woah woah woah, what's this *It*?" Benny finally spoke up.

Thirteen nodded and looked back at Eleven. "I saw it, in the basement. Then I burnt it in the big room by the doors." Both looked at back to Benny.

Eleven quietly spoke. "It.. it was in the lab. When it broke free, we escaped. It might have taken Will."

Lucas looked at the ground, then back at everyone. "So, how will we get to Will?"

Benny was about to respond, when he froze. Dustin stared at him, mentioning with his hands for him to start. "No.. be quiet." Benny crouch walked to the window, and slowly parted the blinds to look out.

"Fuck!" Benny quietly cursed and closed the curtains. "Cops are here, not good. El, take Thirteen and you two hide in the room you two slept in. Go!" Thirteen and Eleven both reluctantly hid in the room, Thirteen looking through the crack in the door to see what was happening. "I can't be seen here, too many questions. You guys are going to have to deal with them, just don't be suspicious." Looking out again at the cops parking their vehicle, Benny quietly walked

back into Dustin's room.

"Shit! What's our story?" The three quickly made up a story, thanking the gods for years of improv practice through D&D.

---

Hopper got out of his truck, slamming the door while walking up the path to this house.

Knocking on the door, Hopper blinked in slight surprise as it opened on the first knock. Weird. Looking down at the three children in front of him, Hopper sighed. Today is going to be a long day.

---

Finally, after asking a dozen stupid questions, they had been able get Hopper to leave, only stumbling over their lies twice.

Well, at least Lucas was able to slap Dustin back from earlier. "Dude, why did you have to just keep talking? The more we talked, the more likely he would catch something."

Dustin grumbled and walked to the back to get the fugitives. "I'm not exactly used to lying in real life, fucktard, so excuse me."

"Stop bickering you two." Benny sharply said as he put on his jacket. "I have to run an errand, the cops showing up reminded me. I've got to go report that someone attacked me at my diner, and if I can get to Hopper in a better place, I can explain things to him. He's good people, he will be able to help."

"No, you can't go!" Lucas looked at the others after he shouted in reflex. "I mean, you can't leave us on our own, and you can't go out on your own. The lab people are probably searching this town as we speak!"

"Benny, please-" Eleven was cut off by Benny.

Annoyance, mixed with understanding, flashed over his face. "I get it, but if we can bring these people to justice, then you two can have normal lives. I'll be careful, I know how to stay out of sight. Don't worry about me, and you can't stop me anyways." Ignoring the glares from Thirteen, Eleven and Dustin, and the frightened looks of Mike

and Lucas, Benny opened the door.

Which immediately slammed shut with enough force to rattle the pictures.

His hand still gripping the doorknob, Benny sighed. Not raising his voice, Benny turned to face Eleven. "El, let me open the door." At her shaking head, he groaned. "I'll be fine! They won't get me, I'll be back before morning. Every minute you make me spend here is a minute that could be spent taking down Brenner. I promise, I'll be okay."

"Promise?" Thirteen's quiet voice rang clearly.

"Yeah, promise. It means I can't break it, that I'm not lying."

Finally, the door was opened. Glancing thankfully at Eleven, Benny stepped out. Looking at the setting sun, he sighed and began to walk to the police station.

---

Steve sat alone beside his pool, drink in hand while he looked out at the lit up water. Tommy and Carol were inside, *drying up* as they said, in his parents room. Hopefully they had the decency to change the sheets and covers. Steve had told Susan he was planning a get together, and she thankfully had decided to stay at a friends house.

The sun had just set, but the night sky still had beautiful colors in west. The forest around his house was dark, that was for certain, but still had the familiarity that Steve had built with it through living here for his entire life.

Looking at the can of beer in his hand, Steve chugged what was left and headed inside. As he was closing the door, he didn't notice the lights in the pool begin to flicker.

---

Stepping out of his car, Jonathan closed the door quietly and looped his camera around his neck. Locking his car, he shined his flashlight into the forest around him.

Taking a deep breath, he began walking, taking photos and looking for anything that could help him find his brother. That's all he

wanted. He needed Will back, above anything.

---

In the short few minutes he had been stumbling through the forest, it had become almost pitch black, suffocating him, pressing down on his senses except where the light shone. Snapping a photo of a scratched up tree, Jonathan could faintly hear music, some rock or whatever.

Running his light behind him, he couldn't push down a feeling. He could describe it, his insides were freezing and the hair on the back of his neck stood up. Breathing just a bit faster, he turned fully around. Wait, which was did he come from? Was the music originally on his left, or his right? Or ahead of him?

"What the hell?" Jonathan could barely breath as he heard *something* breathing, just outside of his vision. Wait, something just chittered. What kind of fucking animal *chittered*?

Turning more, looking around for the animal, his flashlight began shorting out, going dim.

A branch broke, behind him to his right. Not even bothering to turn around, Jonathan Byers accepted that if this was a joke, he would be laughed at, and he sprinted as fast as his legs could fucking move, right towards the music.

Keeping the flashlight on the ground in front of him, he leaped over a fallen log and ducked under a low hanging branch while he could hear something, something big, smashing through the obstacles like nothing was even there. Feeling his shirt begin to stick to his chest and back with sweat, Jonathan could hear the music slowly getting louder as he ran. Just a bit further.

---

Steve hadn't been able to get to sleep, try as he might. Damn Tommy and Carol were still in his parents room, sleeping most likely (From what Carol has said, Tommy is, ah, fast). After breaking into his mother's liquor cabinet, Steve leaned against the bar counter looking out onto the pool, sipping some damn good whiskey from a glass.

Noticing the flights outside begin to slowly flicker, Steve cursed and set his drink down. "Damn wiring." Then, the house lights began to flicker, slowly at first, but then with the outdoor lights the flickering sped up.

"What the hell..?"

"Yo Stevie! What's up with the lights?!" Not asleep, then.

Calling back up, Steve watched the outdoors. "Hey, break off of your butt buddy and get down here! Something weird is going on." It's just some electrical problems, right? No matter how loud he said it in his head, it didn't seem right.

Tommy came stumbling down the stairs, wearing boxers and a tank top while Carol was just in her bra and panties, covering herself in a blanket. "What the fuck did you want Steve?" Groaning and putting a hand to his head, Tommy internally cursed his inability to handle much alcohol without a burning hangover.

"I don't know... but something is up." The lights kicked up the flickering another notch. "Hold up." Steve turned and sprinted through the house, headed for the garage.

"Tommy, what the hell is going on?" Carol pulled the cover closer to her, and watched out into the woods.

Tommy didn't get a chance to answer, not before Steve re-appeared, carrying a damn baseball bat and a sledge hammer. "Catch!" Tossing the bat to Tommy, Steve gripped the sledge hammer with both hands, and waited by the window.

Tommy thankfully didn't question it, getting in front of Carol and getting into a batters stance. "So what, we gonna beat up some faulty wiring?" Grinning, Tommy did a practice swing and watched the darkness.

Smirking, Steve opened his mouth, but froze as the lights everywhere in the house flickered at full speed. Tommy yelped when a lightbulb, somewhere in the house, shattered. "Shit!"

"Scared, Tommy boy?" Steve chuckled and looked up at the lights.

"Fuc- wait, hear that?" Tommy moved closer to the door. "There is something in the woods."

"Yeah, I hear it now." Something was running through the woods. Directly for the house. "Well, fuck."

---

Jonathan didn't know how long he had been running, but as he was certainly feeling it in his legs. It had been a long, long time since he had ran. Whatever was following him was getting closer, ever so slightly. It was big, there was no doubt about it, and damn *fast*.

There it is. The music had stopped, but he knew which way it was. Something was flickering ahead of him, and jumping over a bush, he rolled across the concrete and scrambled to his feet. Running left, he heard the thing crash into the pavement and slide into the pool behind him. Not bothering to look inside, he smashed his hand down on to the door, shouting.

Who else opened the door than Tommy, Carol, and fucking Steve Harrington. "Fuck."

---

"Byers?" Steve had time to only ask that before he saw *something* get out of his pool. Grabbing Jonathans collar, Tommy dragged him inside and slammed the door behind the boy.

Carol screamed as the monster slowly got out, slipping on the wet stone, but climbing onto its four limbs and charged the window, still looking for its prey.

Jonathan stumbled from being thrown inside, but he righted himself and turned to look at what he had been running from. It was huge, and as it thrashed its body against the window it broke with little resistance. Steve and Tommy were shouting, Carol picked up a long piece of broken glass, and he was just standing like a fool with his camera.

As soon as the thing landed on his floor, Steve brought his hammer down onto one of its front limbs, hearing it scream and swipe at his legs with the other one. It began to move onto its back two legs, to

stand, but Tommy brought the bat down across its back, sending it back onto the wooden floor. "Run!" Carol backed up with Jonathan towards the stairs, and Tommy and Steve jumped back to the kitchen.

The monster stood up to its full height, and they all got to see it in the flickering lights. It's dark, slick skin shone from the light and as its face opened up to screech at Tommy, Carol dropped the blanket and ran at it from behind, stabbed the glass into its leg, and drawing a black ooze which covered her hand.

It turned around quickly, backhanding Carol across the face and sending her flying across the floor, right over all the broken glass and into a wall with a dull thud. It began to turn fully, to stalk towards the unconscious girl, but Tommy and Steve both swung their weapons, the bat hitting where the ribs should be and the hammer smashing against the shoulder.

With a yelp, and another screech as it quickly backed away from the pair, the monster ducked under another swing from Tommy, swiping at his chest before turning and jumping out the window it came from, disappearing into the woods.

---

"Carol!" Tommy and Steve both rushed forward, Steve dropping the hammer and picking her up, bringing her to the couch. Her face had three parallel scratches, faint but still noticeable, running from her temple to her cheekbone, and there was glass shards in her side from the mess on the ground, not to mention the deep gash on her left palm from gripping and stabbing with a glass piece. Tommy checked her pulse, then breathing, sighing when he realized she was okay, just knocked out. "Stevie boy, what the hell jus-" He didn't get any further as Steve pushed him down onto his back, on the ground. "Hey, what the fuck are you- oh shit." Looking down his body, Tommy watched as three longer gashes in his shirt began to flush red, staining the tank top.

Adrenaline still pumping, Steve grabbed Tommy's jacket that he had left on a chair, and wiped away some blood. "Thank fuck, the cuts aren't that deep. Just skin and a some muscle." Steve looked at Tommy's paler than usual face, and looked up at Byers, who was standing at the base of the stairs, with his camera. "Hey! Bathroom,

first door on your left upstairs, get the first aid kit!"

Lowering the camera from his face, Jonathan nodded, before sprinting upstairs.

---

After things had finally calmed down, Tommy sat on the couch with Carols head in his lap. They were both conscious, but her side was still burning even after the bandaging and they both needed some comfort. Steve sat in a chair, while Jonathan sat on the coffee table.

"So, anyone care to explain what the hell just happened?" Carol was the first to really talk, in the past few minutes after the panic no one had spoken, just sitting and thinking.

"I-I-I don't know, I was just.. Just in the woods looking for Will when it chased me." Looking down at the ground, Jonathan frowned. "Sorry I brought it here, I didn't mean for it to hurt you."

Grinning, Steve gently punched Jonathans shoulder. "Nah, no one was seriously hurt-" "Says you" Tommy jokingly interjected "-and besides, that was some real fun! Though terrifying. What was that thing?"

"I dont know, ive never seen anything like it, and that isnt blood, whatever came from the stab. Good job on that though Carol." Carol grinned faintly at Jonathan, who then jumped up. "Damn can't believe I actually forgot." Running to the bottom of the stairs, he grabbed a small pile of pictures. "I wasn't entirely useless."

"Whoo Jonny!" Tommy clapped and grinned, before groaning quietly and putting his hand on his wrapped cuts. "So, we just let you work your magic on them, and we can see the thing? Have actual proof?"

"Yeah, I took as many photos as I could." Grinning, Johnathan set the for now blank photos down. "Tomorrow, we should be able to know exactly what you guys were fighting."

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Authors Note!

So, that took longer than expected, apologies. In light on that, it'll

probably be around two weeks between the updates, since school and life in general like to take up my time.

Also, hopefully, I won't have to scrap a few ideas like this time. Pretty much all the scenes involving the six people at Dustin's house all together were difficult to pound out.

Developments! So, Benny is off on his adventure, we get to see some of what happened at the lab, and an unnatural alliance has formed.

Benny, oh Benny. We won't be seeing you for a while. I might do a short piece at the beginning of next chapter about him and what happens, but I like the idea of him just not coming back.

You won't see many more flashbacks, except maybe some with Simmons, Isaak and Thirteen. I won't do many Eleven flashbacks, since her backstory is pretty much just the same, though I might make her a bit more murdery if I do flashbacks. Speaking Of which, Thirteen killed a LOT of people, if you didn't notice, and has earned himself two powerful enemies in the form of Simmons and Isaak. Isaak you haven't seen much, but he will play Simmons backup and Simmons will be the second human villain, after Brenner.

As for the Tommy, Steve, Carol and Jonathan thing, well I figured Jonathan hasn't changed much, so he would still go out, and Steve was still having his party, and with the Demogorgon(I don't know yet how I'll give it that name in the story, since there wasn't the whole Eleven reveal of where Will is) being nearby, so hey. These four are going to most likely team up with Nancy, maybe Barb if I don't kill her, and hopefully I can keep Tommy and Carol as assholes occasionally, but better people.

If you are wondering why I'm adding more people to the story, well, the more targets I have the more likely someone will be hit.

Adios!

Any thoughts, corrections, or suggestions you people have please review, it certainly helps a writer's confidence. Also, I'm trying to not make any of the characters unimportant, and I kinda feel I'm pushing Eleven a bit out of the story, so, if you feel someone isn't getting all

the love and attention they should, do tell.

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